

FOLKSONG

121

an hour's way; and there sits my Benares—
my mother,
who gave me birth." Or the
young woman has
heard that a brother is born and she tells
us that she
was feeling she had no one of her own;
then she learnt
that, like the young moon of the bright
fortnight, this
brother to her was born, a sunny child.
Another sister
is very proud of a grown-up brother and
says that when
that Sardar her brother comes the
jasmine blossoms
drop on him. The ears of cardamom
bend down to
her prince-like brother and sprinkle their
juice on him.
Possibly, the brother comes along to make
enquiries
and to take the sister. By the tradition
of village life
some one from the mother's house was
supposed to go
and make such enquiries from time to time
and take the
girl home for a short stay. The sister
tells us it was
six months since she came to her mother-in-
law's house,
and the moonlight had become to her as
the sun; and
now her strong young brother has come
to take her.
Or we see a brother unhappy, sending
away a sister
whom he has brought up. He has sent
her away and
is standing on the mound, looking where
she is going.
The brother is wiping his eyes with the
end of his
coat and saying, "My sister from to-day
belongs to
others". The use of the coat-tail to wipe
the eye makes
the picture wonderfully real. Or we
hear the mother

speaking on a similar occasion. "My
daughter/" she says
to the girl, "I send you away and go up to
the roof of
the house; presently the mango grove
hides you, my
child, and you are no longer ours and
belong to others."
The idea of still owning the daughter while
the eye can
see her is pathetic in the extreme, It
is a very true
description of the mind of the
unsophisticated village